

Biko

Peter Gabriel

September '77, Port Elizabeth weather fine
It was business as usual In police room 619
Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko
Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko
The man is dead, the man is dead
When I try to sleep at night I can only dream in red
The outside world is black and white With only one colour dead
Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko
Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko
The man is dead, the man is dead
You can blow out a candle But you can never blow out a fire
Once the flames begin to catch The wind will blow it higher
Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko
Oh Biko, Biko, because Biko
The man is dead, the man is dead
And the eyes of the world are watching you now
They're watching you now,